

Better to Beg Forgiveness

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Summary: Astrid stumble in on Hiccups 'private time.' Things get embarrassing. Also, possibly intriguing. For a prompt on the HTTYD kink meme. Astrid/Hiccup one-shot.

Better to Beg Forgiveness

For this prompt on the HTTYD kink meme:

Astrid catches Hiccup jerking off to a picture he drew... of a girl that oddly looks like her... naked... and she cant decide whether to be embarrassed, upset, flattered, or... jealous that she isn't the one jerking him.

You're welcome, anon. :)

* * *

><p>Hiccup sighed as his thumb rubbed over the wet head of his cock, smearing the little bead of liquid there against the sensitive flesh. He felt a low groan slip free from his throat, hips rocking into the tight fist of his own hand. The slick slide of his hungry arousal against his own palm was maddening; too sweet and too good and too much and still somehow nowhere near enough. The forest around him was silent save for his amorous noises, and it cradled him in its protective arms, sheltering him in the hidden little glade he often used for such activities. Clenched in his sweaty left hand was the picture that started it all.<p>

Astrid. Pale, powerful, perfect Astrid. Lovingly rendered by Hiccups own hand, the culmination of years of secret observations and lustful yearnings. Astrid, sketched reclined; open and inviting and completely and totally nude, from the tips of the long blonde hair splayed out beneath her to the littlest of her toenails.

She was incredible, she was magnificent, she was breathtaking, she

was...

"- Hiccup?"

...standing right in front of him, looking about as horrified as Hiccup felt. Which likely had to do with the hand still wrapped around his cock and frozen in surprise, but also could be related to the fact that he'd dropped the sketch when she'd initially startled him.

The sketch that had floated right to her feet; charcoal Astrid staring up at real Astrid with that sultry grin on her lips... Hiccup's rapidly deflating dick gave a little twitch of renewed interest, and he fervently hoped she'd missed it. He really didn't feel like dying today, although it was looking like a distinct possibility. For a brief moment, Hiccup pondered whether or not he'd be able to get his pants up and secured and make for the tree line in the approximately three seconds it would take for her to react and bury her favorite axe in his skull. Apparently he spent longer than three seconds lost in furious analysis however, because he missed her purposeful stride forward until she'd brought her fist down onto the top of his skull with a resounding smack. Yelping in pain, Hiccup couldn't stop his hands from flying up to his abused scalp, half-hard cock flopping against his thigh and his sticky fingers smearing pre-come into his dark hair. Well damn, now he'd need a bath, too.

"What on earth, Astrid, did I deserve that, really? I mean, okay the naked drawing was kinda weird, so maybe I did, but still, OUCH! I need that for thinking and things..."

"Hiccup, shut up." Obliginglly, Hiccup shut up, staring up at the Valkyrie hovering above him, her lovely face complete inscrutable.

"Next time..." Astrid practically hissed the words between her teeth, and Hiccup both felt and heard himself gulp heavily.

"Next time?" He asked, hesitantly. Astrid just scowled, before turning on her heel so fast that her braid whipped out, whistling through the air like the swing of a blade. She made it all the way to the edge of the grove before deigning to offer a parting shot over her shoulder.

"Next time, just ask, moron!" Hiccup blinked in bewilderment for a moment.

"Next time just ask? Ask what? To use the picture? Or to use... HEY WAIT! ASTRID, WAIT UP!"

It's hard to run after the most beautiful girl on earth while pulling up your pants and stumbling over your own feet, but somehow Hiccup managed.

End
file.